

LORD BUDLEY
TO
LADY JANE GRAY

AND HER

ANSWER

Adapted to a lovely

Venetian Air.



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1863
LORD

LORD DUDLEY TO LADY JANE GREY.

and

LADY JANE'S ANSWER.

PRIMO

1. I called a wreath of roses for my Jane,

SECONDO

2. I caught the wind for of the night for my Jane,

PIANO

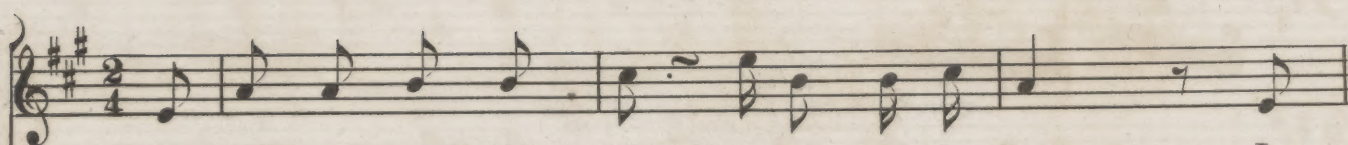
made each flower their bloom renew, for my Jane, The low-toned pale and

made him love's sweet song indite for my Jane, The nightingale was

LORD DUDLEY TO LADY JANE GREY.

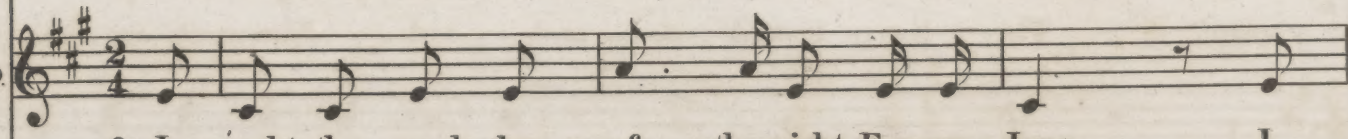
and
LADY JANE'S ANSWER.

PRIMO.



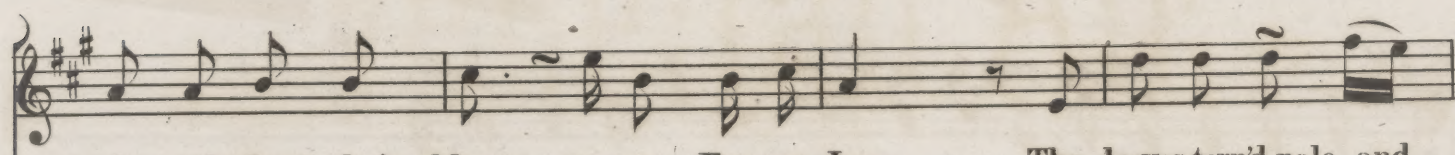

1. I culled a wreath of ro - sy hue For my Jane, I

SECONDO.

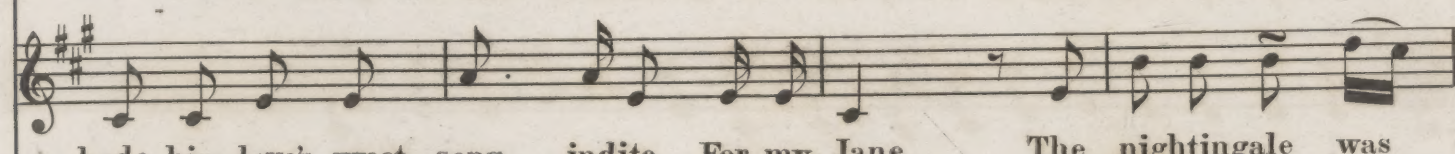


2. I caught the warb - ler of the night, For my Jane, I

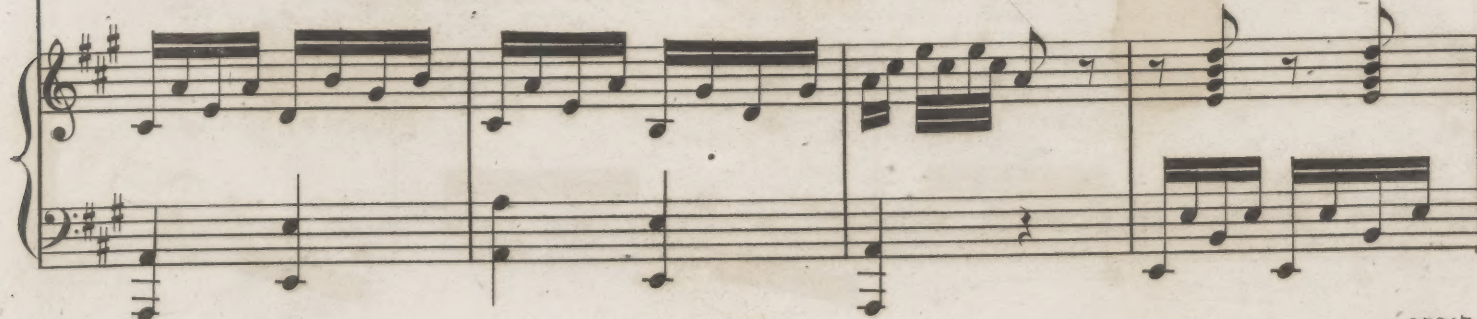
PIANO.



bade each flow'r their bloom renew, For my Jane, The leaves turn'd pale and



bade him love's sweet song indite For my Jane, The nightingale was



sad; The smile upon her ru-by lip Would make our beauty fade, We should never bud a .

mute For I'm sure he'd heard her sweeter note Whilst listening to her lute For he nev-er sang a .

gain. The leaves turned pale and sad The smile up-on her

gain. The night-in-gale was mute, For I'm sure he'd heard her

ru-by lip Would make our beauty fade, We should never bud a gain.

sweeter note Whilst listening to her lute For he nev-er sang a gain.

3.
 I pluck'd two rosebuds from their stem,
 For my Jane,
 I bade the bright sun-beam on them,
 For my Jane,
 The trembling sunbeam said,
 The hue upon her ruddy cheek
 Would turn our light to shade
 We should never smile again.

4.
 Thus reft of all I would bestow —
 On my Jane,
 This throbbing heart beats high to go
 To my Jane,
 Poor heart cried I, ah me,
 Thou'rt with my love both night and day,
 Oh! would I were with thee
 We should never part again.

LADY JANE'S ANSWER.

1.
 I'll keep the wreath of rosy flowers,
 Thou hast wove,
 A sweet sad theme for pensive hours
 They will prove,
 To me their leaflets say;
 We've bask'd awhile, in summer's smile,
 And now must fade away
 We're emblems true of love.

2.
 Thy minstrel bird I loos'd again,
 Free to rove,
 And wake once more his midnight strain,
 In the grove,
 For all fond things will mourn
 When forced to roam, from that loved home,
 Where each young hope was born,
 And where they learn'd to live and love.

3.
 For this, will these pale-rosebuds aye,
 Claim my love,
 And fond as erst each wooing ray
 Fain I'd prove,
 And though in vain my care,
 In chrystal gem, I'll circle them,
 And in my bosom wear,
 Mementoes of thy love.

4.
 Then more to me than flow'r or gem
 Will they prove,
 Sweet pledge of hopes — the world and them
 Far above, —
 And thus when borne from this,
 May heaven enshrine my soul with thine
 In yon bright world of bliss,
 Where reigns eternal love.

